

Pour-and-thirty years age, Bob Ales-e and I were coming up infrancy wood from the Edinburgh High School, or bands tegether, and our arms interd, so only lovers and buys know

When we got to the top of the street, and turned north, we expled a crowd at the Tree Charen. "A dop-fight" should Bob, and was off; and so wes a best of us of the praying that is might not he over before we get up. And is not this top-nature? and human nature too? and don't we all wish a house on five not to be not before we see it? Bogs like fighting; aid lease easy they "delight" in it, and for the best of all stacement; and boys are not crued because they that to see the fight. They one three of the great earliest virtues of day or man—courage, endurvirtues of dog or man-courage, endurance, and skill -in intense action This is very different from the love of making dogs fight; and enjoying, and aggradating, and making gain by their phosic. A boy, be he ever so fond hirs-self of fighting, if he be a good ber, hates and despises all this; but he would have run off with Bob and me fast enough. It is a natural, and a not wicked interest, that all boys and men have in witnessing intense energy in

Does any curtous and finely ignorant woman wish to know how Rob's eye at s glance announced a dog-fight to his ain? He did not, he could not see the dogs fighting; it was a flash of an inference, a rapid induction. The crowd around a dog-fight is a crowd minoculine mainly, with an occasional active, compassionate woman, flatter-ing wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon men, se so many "brutes;" it is a crowd annular, compact, and mobile; a crowd centripetal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downwards and in-

Weil, Bob and I are up, and find it is not over; a small thoroughbred, white buil-terrier is busy throttling a large shopherd's dog unaccustomed to war, but not to be triffed They are hard at it; the scientific little fellow doing his work in great style, his pastorni enemy fighting wiadly, but with the sharpest of teeth and a great courage. Science and breed-ing, however, soon had their own; the Game Chicken, as the premature Bob called him, working his way up, took his final grip of pour Yarrow's throatand he my gauging and done for. His master, a brown, handsome, big young shepherd from Tweedsmuir, weeks have liked to have knocked down any man, would "drink up Eall, or eat a crucodlie," for that part, if he had a chance it was no use kicking the little dag, that would only make him held the closes. Many were the means shouted out in mouthfule, of the best possible supperf ending it. "Water?" to might have got it from the Blackbears Wynd. "Bite the Pand a large, ragae, benevolent. to all men, more desirous than and of Yearow's tail into his ample and bitte with all his might. Thir more than enough for the much enduring, much perspiring shepherd. who, with a gleam of Joy over his broad ringo, delivered a terrific facer upon our bage, rague, benevolent, middle-aged friend who went down like a

Still the Chicken holds; death not far off. "Sauff a pinch of sauff" cherved a calm, highly-dressed young buck, with an eyo-glass in his eye. "Souff, indeed!" growled the angry crowd affronted and giaring. "Sauff a pinch of small" again observes the buck with mere urgency; whereusen were prefucad erreral open boxes, and from a mull which may have been at Cultoden. he took a plack, knelt down, and presented it to the nose of the Chicken The laws of physiology and of snuff take their course; the Chicken anceses

The young pastoral giant stalks off with Yarrow in his arms, comforting

and Yarrow is free!

But the bull-terrier's blood is un, and his soul unsettefied, he grips the first dog he meets, and discovering she is not a dog in Homeric phrase, he makes a brief sort of amenda, and is off. The bors, with Bob and me at their head, are after him down Nidder street he goes bent on mischief, up the Cowgate ifhe an arrow Bob and I, and our small men, panting behind

There, under the single arch of the South Bridge is a huge mastiff, sauntering down the middle of the cameway. as if with his bands in his pockets; he is old, gray, and brindled, as hig as a perian dewlops shaking as he goes.

The Chicken makes strongly at him, and fortime as his times. To our actodishment the great creature does nothing but stand still, haid kinsolf up and roar—yes, repr. a long serious, rememberships roar. How is this? Sub and lore up to them. We is married! The lattice had proclaimed a general measing, and his master, studying strength and economy mainly, had encouragement his huge investigation. encompassed his hige jaws in a home-made apparatus, constructed out of the beather of some approx breeching. His mouth was open as far as it could; his lips earled up if rago a sort of terrible grin; his treth glosming, reads, from out the darknew; the strap arrow his mouth triner as a bestrange his whole frame still with milignation and surprise; his rear selving as all round. Tild fou ever see of anger and sepontalement done in Aberdent granife.

We soon had a srowd: the Chicken hold on. "A knifft" erfed Rib; and a mabilar gave him his knife: you leave the kind of water, wern away obliquely to a point, and aimage keen. I put its edge to the tenes leather, it can before it: and then! our sudden ferle of that snormous head, a nort of dirty mat shout his mouth, monoins, and the bright and farce little fellow is drapped ling good dend. A scheme passer this was poure than any of us had harpained for. I sured the little fellow over, and say

he was quite dead: the mastiff had taken him by the enall of the back like a rat, and broken it.

He looked down at his victim appeared, ashamed, and amazed, anuffed him all over, stared at him, and, taking a suciden thought, turned round and trotted off. Bob took the dead dog up, and said, "John, we'll bury him after tee." "Yee," said I, and was off after the mastiff. He made up the Cowgate at a rapid swing; he had forgotten some sugagement. He turned up the Candismaker Eow, and stopped at the Barrow Ian.

There was a carrier's cart ready to start, and a keen, thin, impatient, black-a-vised little man, his hand at his gray horse's head, looking about ngelly for something.

"Rab, ye thief!" said be alming a bick at my great friend, who drew cringing up, and avoiding the heavy shoe with more agility than dignity, and watching his master's eye, shink dismayed under the care—his care down and as much as he had of tail down

What a man this must be thought I -- to whom my tremendous hero turns tail! The carrier saw the muzzle hanging, cut and useless, from his neck, and I engerly told him the story, which Bob and I always thought, and still think, Homer, or King David, or Sir Walter alone worthy to rehearse. The severe little man was mitigated, and condescended to say, "Rab, my man, puir Rabbie!"—whereupon the stump of a tail rose up, the ears were cocked, the eyes filled, and were comforted; the two friends were reconciled. "Hupp!" and a stroke of the whip were given to Jess; and off went the three. Bob and I buried the Game Chicken

that night (we had not much of a ten) in the back-green of his house in Me ville Street, No. 17, with considerable gravity and silence; and being at the time in the Iliad, and, like all boys, Trojans, we called him Hector, or

Six years have passed—a long time for a boy and a dog; Bob Ainalie is off to the wars; I am a medical student, and clerk at Minto House Hospital.

Rab I saw almost every week, on the Wednesday; and we had much pleasant intimacy. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratching of his huge head, and an occasional bone. When I did not notice him he would plant himself straight before me, and stand wag-ging that bud of a tail, and looking up, with his head a little to one side. His master I occasionally saw; he used to call me "Maister John," but was laconic as any Spartan.

One fine October afternoon, I was large gate open and in waiked Rab, with that great and easy saunter of his. He looked as if taking general passession of the place; like the Duke of lington entering a subdued city. satiated with victory and peace. After him came Jess, now white with age, with her cart; and in it a woman, carefully wrapped up-the carrier leading the horse anxiously, and looking back. When he saw me, James (for his name was James Noble) made a curt and grotesque "boo," and said, "Maister John, this is the mistress; she's got trouble in her breest-some kind o' an income, we're thinkin'."

By this time I saw the woman's face she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband's plaid around her, and his big coas with its large white metal buttons over ber feet.

I never saw a more unforgeatble face pale, serious, lonely, delicate, sweet, without being at all what we call fine She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon her silvery, smooth hair setting off her dark gray eyes eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, full also of the overcoming of it, her eyebrows black and delicate, and her mouth firm, patient and contented, which few mouths ever are

As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful countenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. Alile," said James, 'this Is Maister

John, the young doctor; Eab's freend. ye ken. We often speak about you, doctor." She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing; and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside and rising. Had Solomon, in all his glory, been handing down the Queen of She ba at his palace gate, he could not have done it more daintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Allig his wife. The con trast of his small, swarthy, weather beaten, keen, worldly face to hern pale, subdued and beautiful-was some thing wonderful. Rab looked on com corned and puzzied, but ready for any thing that might turn up, were it to strangie the nurse, the porter, or even me. Allie and he seemed to be great

"As I was savin', she's rat a kind o trouble in her breast, dottor, will ye tak's look at it?" We walked into the consulting-room, all four: Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and coo fidential if cause rould be shown, will ing also to be the reverse, on the same terms. Aille eat down, undid her open gown and her lawn bandkerchiefround er seek, and without a word showed me her right breast. I looked at and examined it earefully, she and James watching me, and Rab eyeing all three. What could I say? there it was that had once been no soft, so shapely, so white, so gracious and bountiful, a "full of all bisseed conditions" hard as a stone a center of horrid pain, making that pain face with its gray lacid, reason. while ween and its sweet, resolved mouth express the full measure of suffering oversome. Why was that gentle, medest, tweet waman, clean and lovable, condemned by God to hear such a buy-

I got her away to bed "May Rab and me bide" said James. "You may and Rab, if he will behave himmif. The warrant he's do that doctor; and is striply he fallhitel beaut. I wish sen could have seen him. There are se such dags now. He belonged to a last telle. As I have said to was

brigdled and gray iftee Europew gran ite; his hair, short, hard, and close, like a lion's: his body thick-set. like a little built, a sort of compressed Heroules of a dog. He must have been aimsty pounds' weight, at the least; he had a large blunt head; his muscle black as night: his mouth blacker than any night, a tooth or two, being all he had, gleaning out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one car cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton's father's: the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was forever unfurling itself, like an old flag; and then that bud of a tall, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long, the mobility, the instantaneousness or that bud were very fanny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and rinkings, the intercommunications be tween the eye, the ear, and it, were of

Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremser, he was as mighty in his own liness Julius Cosar or the Duke of Wellingion, and had the gravity of all great Sgatera

You must have often observed the likeness of certain men to certain ani-mals, and of certain dogs to men. Now, I never looked at Rub without thinking of the great Baptist preacher, Andrew Fuller. The same large, heavy, menaclng. combative, sombre, honest countenance, the same deep inevitable eye, the same look, as of thunder asleep, but ready; neither a dog nor a man to be rifled with

Next day, my master, the surgeon, examined Ailie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed-it might never return-it would give her speedy relief, she should have it done. She curtsied, looked at James, and said, "When?" "To-morrow," said the kind surgeon, a man of few words. She and James and Rab and I retired. I noticed that he and she spoke little, but seemed to anticipate everything in each other. The following day, at noon, the students came in, hurrying up the great stair. At the first landing-place, on a small, well-known blackboard, was a bit of paper fastened by wafers. and many remains of old wafers beside it. On the paper were the words, "An operation to-day. J. B. Clark."

Up ran the youths, eager to secure good piaces; in they crowded, full of interest and talk. "What's the case?" "Which side is it?"

Don't think them heartless; they are neither better nor worse than you or I; they get over their professional her-rors, and into their proper work-and in them pity, as an emotion, ending in itself or at best in tears and a longdrawn breath, lessens, while pity as a motive is quickened, and gains power and purpose. It is well for human nature that it is so.

II. The operating theatre is crowded: much talk and fun and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his stuff of assistants is there. In comes Ailie: one look at her quiets and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit

of the darkness tixed on her. As be-Rab tehared well never moving, showing in how more and gentle he could be, and occasionally in his sleep, letting us know that he was demalled esting us know that he was demo ing some adversary. He nour a walk with me every day generally to the Candismaker Rour but he was sombre and mild declined doing battle, though some fit researchered, and indeed outmitted to sundry indignities; and was always very ready to turn and came faster back, and trotted up the stair with much lightness, and went straight

to that door. Jess, the mare, had been sent, with her weather-worn eart, to Howgate, and had doubtless her own dim and id meditations and confus he absence of her master and flab, and er unnatural freedom from the road

For some days Affie did well. The wound healed "by the first intention;" for, as James said, "Oor Ailie's skin, ower clean to beil." The students came in quiet and anxious, and surrounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young, honest faces. The surgeon dressed her, and spoke to her in his own short, kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab and James outside the circle.—Rab being now reconside the circle.—Rab being now reconstitutions. ciled, and even cordial, and having made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying, but as you may subjects sempar paratus so far well: but, four days after to-speration, my patient had a sudden and

long shivering, a "groossin"," as she called it. I naw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheek colored; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; mischlef had begun. On looking at the wound, a blush of red told the secret: her pulse was rapid, her breathing unxious and quick; she wasn't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could. James did everything, was everywhere, never in the way, never out of it; Rab subsided un-der the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed everyone. Aille got worse; be-gan to wander in her mind, gently; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp at times. He was vexed, anp said, "She was never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was niways asking our pardou, -the dear, gentle old woman: then delirium set in strong, without pause. Her brain gave way, and then came that terrible spectacle -

"The intellectual power, through words and things, nt sounding on its dim and perilons way;" she sang bits of old songs and Psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David and the diviner words of his Son and Lord with homely odds and

ends and acraps of ballads.
Nothing more touching, or in a sense more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager Scotch voice, -the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some household cares, something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly in a "fremyt" voice, and he starting up surprised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard; many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make



These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly, but without haste; dressed in her mutch. her neckerchief, her white dimity shore gown, her black bombarine petticoat, showing worsted stockings and her carpet-shoes. Behind her was James with Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his kness. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous: forever cocking his car and dropping it as

Ailie stepped up on a seat, and laid herself on the table, as her friend, the surgeon told her; arranged herself. gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; and chloraform-one of God's best gifts to his suffering children was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent Rab's soul was working within him; he saw something strangt was going on-blood flowing from his mintress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and importunate; he grow ed and gave now and then a sharp, incpatient reip; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a glower from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick all the better or James, it kept his eye and his mind

off Allie.
It is over: she as dressed, stops gently and decently down from the table looks for James, then tuening to the surgeon and the students, the curtains, and in s low, clear voice, begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students all f us went like children; the surgeon apped her up earsfully and resting on James and me. Allie went to her room, flab following. We not her to lend James took off his hours shoes erammed with tankets, heet-rapt and toe-dapt, and put them excefully under the table saying "Maister John I'm for name of yer strange marse bodies for Ailie. I'll be her nurse, and I'll gare about on my stockin' soles as entry to pusse." And so he did: and hami's and oferer, and swift and tender us any woman, was that horny-handed san personptory little riam. Everything size gut he gave her; he seldom slept; and often Leave his small shrewd eyes out to set her all, and then sink back under stood. It was very sail, but better than many things that are not called sad. James hovered about, put out and miserable, but active and exact as ever: read to her, when there was a full, short bits of the Psalms, prose and metre, chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, showing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doating over her as his "ain Ailie." "Ailie, ma woman." "Ma ain bonnie wee dawtie!"

The end was drawing on: the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed that animula blandula, vagula, hospes, comesque, was about to fice. The body and the soulcompanions for sixty years were being undered, and taking leave. She was walking alone through the valley of that shadow into which one day we must all enter and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff

were comforting her One night she had fallen quiet, and, as we hoped, asleep, her eyes wereabut. We pot down the gas, and sat watching her. Suddenly she sat up in bed. and taking a bed-gown which was lying or it rolled up, she held it eagerly to her reast to the right said. We could see her ever bright with a surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this buntle of clothes. She hold it as a woman holds her sucking child; opentiently, and halding it close, and broading over it, and murmuring foolish little words, as over one whole his mother comforted and who areks and is satisfied. It was pitiful and strange to see her wasted dring look.

keen and yet rague—her immense love.

Proserve me granned James, graing way. And then she review back and forward, we if he canke it sleep. bushing it, and wasting on it her lafte ite fondness. Was's me sloctor, I deiere she's thinkin' it's that being "What mirn?" The only balra we ever had our wee Eyele, and abels in he Kingdom, forty years said mely t was triling plainly true: the poin to me breast telling its urgent story to a newlidered, rained train, was misroad and mintaken; It suggested to her the tarquiness of a breast fail of spile, and then the chief; and so sguln ours more they were together, and she had her

all was the close. She sank rapidly the delirium left her; but, as she whisp the desirrum left her; but, as also whispered, she was "ulean silly;" it was the lightering before the final darkment. After having for some time lain still, her eyes shut, she said: "Jament" He came close to her, and lifting up her unim, clear, beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly but shortly, looked for Rab but could have see him, then turned to her but shortly, looked for Rab but could not see him, then turned to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes, and compased herself. She lay for come time breathing quies, and passed away so gently, that when we thought she was gone. James, in his old-fashiened way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one small spot of dimness was breathed out: it vanished away and never returned, leaving the blank clear darkness of the mirror without a stain.

darkness of the mirror without a stain. "What is our life? It is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Rab all this time had been fully awake and motionless; he came forward beside us; Allie's hand, which James had held, was hanging down; it was souked with his tears; Rab licked it all over, carefully looked at her, and returned to his piace under the table.

James and I sat, I don't know how long, but for some time, asying nothing; he started up abruptly, and with some noise went to the table, and putting his right fore and middle fingers each into a shoe, pulled them out, and darkness of the mirror without a stale.

each into a shoe, pulled them out, and put them on, breaking one of the leather latchets, and muttering in an

train him wi's rack-pin; there was and toin' wi' him. He lay in the trevis wi dowg, his like wasan atwest this ami Thornhill but wheed, air, I sould do nanthing slot."

I believed him. Pit end for Rab, quick and complete. His terth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace, and be civil?

BINING A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

The Park of the Angindezen Men Wealth Was Surved to Abundance.

Wealth Was derved to Abundance.

A thresand years ago, when the disner was ready to be served, the first
thing brought into the great held was a
table. Morable treaties were brought,
on which were placed beards, and ail
were carried away again at the close of
the meal. Upon this was inid the tobiscloth. There is an old Latin visible of
the Eighth contary, in which the table
says: "I feed people with many kinds
of food. First, I am quadrupled, and

I PUT ITS EDGE TO THE TENER LEATHER.

ger, "I never did the like o' tha tafore!" I believe he never did; nor after either. "Rab!" he said roughly, and pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed. Rab leapt up, and settled himself; his head and eye to the dead face. "Mister John, ye'll wait for me," said the carrier; and disappeared in the darkness, thundering downstairs in his heavy shoes. I ran to the front window; there he was, already round the house, and out at the gate, fleeing like

a shadow.

I was afraid about him, and yet not sfraid; so I sat down beside Rab, and seing wearied, fell asleep. I woke from a sudden noise outside. It was November, and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab was in statu que; he heard the noise too, and plainly knew it never moved. I looked out; and at the gate, in the dim morning the sun was not up-was Jess and the :art-a cloud of steam rising from the mure. I did not see James; he was already at the door, and came up the stairs, and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted out-who knows how-to Howgate, full nine miles off, yoked less and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets. and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pairs of clean old blankets having at their corners, "A. G., 1794," n large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of Alison Graeme, and ames may have looked in at her from without himself unseen but not unbought of-when he was, "wat, wat, and weary," and after having walked many a mile over the hills, may have seen her sitting, while "; "he lave were sleepin';" and by the fire git working her name on the blankets, for her ain

He motioned Rab down, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and happed her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face strode along the passage and downstairs, followed by lab. I followed with a light; but he didn't need it. I went out, holding stupidly the candle in my bend in the calm frosty air; we were soon at the gate. I could have belied him, but I saw he was not to be medilied with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before -as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was only "A. C. sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens; and then taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me, neither did Eab, who presided behind the cart. I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College, and turned up Nicholson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away and come again; and I returned, thinking of that company going up Libberton Bear, then along Real a Muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands and making them like on-looking shorts; then down the bill through Auchindiany Woods, past "issuated Woodhouselee," and as avbreak came sweeping up the bleak Lanusermuirs, and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Affle up again, laying her on her own bed, and having put Jess up, would return with Eab and shut the door.

James buried his wife, with his neigh es mourning. Rab inspecting the elemnity from a distance. There was snow, and that binck ragged hole would ook strange in the midst of the swelling spotiess cushion of white. James oked after everything; then rather suddenly fell ill and took to bed, was in sensible when the doctor came, and soon died. A sort of low fever was prevalling in the village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion, and his misery made him upt to take it. The grave was not difficult to re-open. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and amouth: Ran once more ocked on and shapk home to the stable. And what of Ran? I asked for him next week at the new earrier who got the good-will of James business, and

adorned with handsome clothing: then I am robbed of my apparel and lose my legs also."

The food of the Anglo-Saxon was largely bread. The bread was baked in round, fist cakes, which the supersti-tion of the cook marked with a cross, to preserve them from the perils of the fire. Milk, butter and cheese were also beaten. The principal meat was bacon, as the acorne of the oak forests, which then covered a large part of England, supported numerous droves of swine. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were not only hearty eaters, but also deep drink-

The drinking harns were at first literally horns, and so must be imme-diately emptied when filled: later. when the primitive horn had be placed by a glass cup, it retained a tradition of its rude predecessor in its shape, so that it, too, had to be emptied at a draft. Each guest was furnished with a spoon, while his knife he always carried in his belt; as for forks, who dreamed of them when nature had given man ten fingers? But you will see why a servant with a basin of water and a towel always presented himself to each guest before dinner was served and after it was ended.

Bonsted meat was served on the spit or rod on which it was cooked, and the guest cut or tore off a piece to suit himself. Boiled meat was laid on the cakes of bread, or later, on thick alices of bread called "trenchers, from a Norman word meaning "to cut. as these were to carve the meat on, thus preserving the table cloth from eaten or thrown upon the stone floor for the dogs who crouched at their master's feet. At a later date it was put in a maket and given to the poor who gathered at the maner gate.

During the latter part of the Middle Ages the most conspicuous object on the table was the saltonilar. This was generally of silver, in the form of a ship. It was placed in the center of the long table at which the bou gathered, my lord and lady, their far and guests, being at one end and their retainers and servants at the other. So one's position in regard to the salt was a test of rank—the gentlefolks sitting "above the sait" and the yeomanry

In the houses of the great pobles dinner was served with much coremony. At the hour a stately procession entered the hall. First come several musicians, followed by the steward bearing his red of office, and then came a long line of servanta carrying

Some idea of the variety and profusion may be gained from the provision made by King Henry III. for his household at Christman, 1254. This meinded 21 open. 100 pigs, 556 fowls, 20 hares, 50 rabbits pheasants, 30 partridges, 44 woodcock, 9 piovers and 5,000 aggs. Many of our favorite dishes have descended from the Middle Ages. Macarooms have served as dessert since the days of Chancer. Our favorite winter breakfast, griddle cake, has come down to us from the faraway Britons of Wales, while the boys have lunched on gingerbread and girls on pickles and jellies since the time of Edward II., more than 500 years ago - American Analyst

Bis Bye Twinkled.

He was not a very singent specimen of the genus reptiernes as house on Poundry street, nor was he sitogether a vitious looking fellow, and here was in the cornw of his eye a siy winkle, that even all the birar had not obscured. The lady of the house opened to his knock, and she was under bledly a handsome woman

"Bog pardon, ma am," he said in undispussed admiration. "I think I have made a mistake "

What will you have?" Nothing now, ma an," he mawered, faintly smiling.
Then why did you knock at the

I said, me am it was a mistake "Did you think some one lived here that you knew?" the saked, with a cheery sort of a lengt that true com-

PUSSY IN COURT.

to be so the Judget Break and Mr.



Creases in Mayor Gilroy's termeers.

But pumy came near being cept to
Ludlow street jell forcontempt of dears
one day last week.

Justice John Henry McCarthy was on
the beach in Part IV. A trial of more than usual duliness was dragging along, with an old fogy lawyer on one side with an old fogy lawyer on one side and an inexperienced young man on the other. The jurors were half asleep. Suddenly a titter arose from the back of the court room, where a few tramps were sitting, preferring the warmth of the room to the cold of City Hall park. A court officer rapped for order, looking to the rear of the room. But the titter became a suckering laugh.

The old fogy lawyer turned to the bench and a broad smile lighted up his seamed face. The inexperienced young man /turned from the witness to the jurors were giggling merrity. The stenographer turned from his book, and he, too, smiled.

By this time Judge McCarthy was

By this time Judge McCarthy was aware that something had happened. He glanced around the court room with a good-natured smile and reached for his gavel. Then the cause of all the

fun appeared to him.

Pussy had taken a nap on a cris velvet lounge in the governor's room, and had wandered forth in her blase way in search of amusement. She had entered Justice McCarthy's court, mean-dered slowly up the room, and, unseen by anyone, had jumped upon the beach. There ahe sat right alongside of the judge, an expression of wisdom on her face that would have done credit to a judge in general term.
"5-cat." ahrieked several court offi-

"Poor pussy!" said Judge McCarthy, stroking the head that was turned toward him. "S-cat!" shricked the clerk, flapping

at the pussy with a handkerchief.

Pussy jumped down and was chased out of the room. Then the trial was resumed.

HE SHOT TO KILL

A Forty-Moor Heads a Bullet late a Bo-

A white-baired man followed John W. Mackay, the San Francisco mi aire, in the paved court back of the Liek house a few days ago and shot the bonames king in the middle of the back. After firing the shot the would be assessin supplemented his crime by turning the pistol on himself and firing a shot into his own body. The self-inflicted wound was serious, but as long as he could walk he followed Mackay, trying to fire at him again, but he was so weak that he could not pull the trigger of the pistol. He then threw up his hands exclaiming: "My God! I am satisfied? Mackay's wound is said to be not don gerous, but William C. Eippey, his so-



THE ASSAULANT AND HIS VECTOR

age, cannot survive his injuries. The old man, there is no doubt, wandstons partially incane by the loss of a large fortune. Mackay is the rishest man on the coast. His fortune is variously estimated at \$50,000,000 to \$50,000,000. Mrs. Mackay, his wife, is famous all over Europe in a excial way and on account of the rayal mapper in which she entertains.

Prayer is the door forever open be tween earth and heaven. Sooner sound can reach a human car through this lower atmosphere, the longing de-aire of the spirit rises to the heart of the eternal Friend. Whether we believe it or not, we are living in an invisible world, where our wishes are unde before our words are spoken.-Lucy Larcom.

Grates of Gutt.

Scrupulonity is the sign of a little mind. "Perfect love enateth out fear." What human dignity is equal to the dignity of the ministers of God?

Adulation to power and arrogance poverty mark a pletien in mind as well

Whose a seral to pure it current help lerving become then it has found the spring of into which to bot.